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At setting Day and rising Morn

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Ruddy Aurora.

WHEN ruddy Aurora awakens the day,
And bright dew-drops impearl the flowers
so gay, (and away
Sound, sound, my cont archers—sound horns,
With arrows shaft-pointed we go.

See Sol now arises in splendour so bright,
To Pæan—for Phæbus who leads to delight,
All glorious illumin'd now rises to sight;
'Tis he, boys, is god of the bow.

Fresh roses we'll offer at Venus shrine;
Libations we'll pour to Bacchus divine;
While mirth, love, and pleasure, in junction com-
For archers true sons of the game. (bine

And sorrow adieu, in soft numbers we'll sing,
Love, friendship and beauty—make the air ring
Wishing health and success to our country and
Increase to their honour and fame. (King,

The Legacy.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
Oh! bar my heart to my mistress dear
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles, and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy dews of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
O bear my urn to your ancient hall;
Hang it up to some friendly door,
Where way travellers love to call.
And should the bard that roams forsaken,
Revive its soft notes when passing along
Or let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Take this cup that is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revels when your at rest;
Never, O! never, its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
But should the warm devoted lover,
To her he has once bask'd his brim,

O Then my spirit around shall hover.
To ka low each drop that foams for him.

At setting Day and rising Morn.

AT setting day and rising morn,
With one that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
Wi' a' that can improve thee.
I'll visit a'er the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
While round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shade or fountain
Or where the summer day I'd share
With thee upon yon mountain;
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

The WOLF.

AT the peaceful mid-
night hour,
Every sense & every pow'r,
Fetter'd lies in downy sleep
Then our careful watch we
keep, [prowl.
While the wolf in nightly
Bays the moon with hide-
ous howl.

Gates are barr'd, a vain re-
sistance,
Females shriek but no as-
sistance, [fate,
Silence, or you meet your
Your keys, your jewels,
cash, and plate;

Locks, bolts, & bars, soon
fly asunder, (der.
Then to rifle, rob, & plun-

Maidens fair, of Love beware.

LOVE they say is quite delightful,
Youthful hearts beguiling:
But his tricks are often spiteful,
When he most is smiling;
How many lips I've heard declare
He only tempts to ruin,
Then, maidens pray of love beware
When he comes a wooing.

Ev'ry art to gain our pity,
Love is always trying;
Sometimes in a plaintive ditty,
He will say he's dying:
But ah! suspect his smile and tear,
'Till Hymen's chain shall bind him
Then perhaps he'll prove sincere,
If you only mind him.

Say, where shall we meet, love.

SAY, where shall we meet, love
At the close of the day,
By the gothic seat, love
Deck'd with tendrils gay!
Meet, meet, oh! meet me
At the close of day;
Oh! meet me, meet me,
At the close of day.

In the moonlight meadow
Shall I watch for thee?
Or beneath the shadow
Of the spreading tree?
Meet me, oh! meet me
At the close of day;
Oh! meet me, meet me,
At the close of day.